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Sailors' Magazine



and
AMERICAN SEAMEN'S
FRIEND SOCIETY



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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress, and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same.*

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to *ten cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



SAILOR'S THE MACAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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FIFTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be held in the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, junction of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street, New York, Monday, May 10th, 1880, at 7-30 p. m. Addresses may be expected from the Rev. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, D. D., of Cambridge, Mass., and Hon. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, of this city.

THE SEA.

BY THE LATE REV. W. H. GOODRICH, D. D.

The words of God,—“The Sea is His and He made it,”—express the very thought which will fill any of our hearts if we go down to the borders of the ocean and for days look out upon it, or sail across its broad spaces. “The Sea is His and He made it.” Nothing in creation bears more of the impress of His almighty being. Nothing brings God so near, or makes His power so visible as the sea.

It is, of all the works of God that are within our reach, the most vast.

The heavens, in all their breadth and grandeur, are far off. We peer into them and measure a few of the distances which separate the stars, but our scrutiny soon comes to its limit and our faltering thought returns baffled to nearer realities. Of all the things we can survey, traverse, sound, and study

with our senses, the sea is the greatest. It occupies three-fifths of our globe. Nor is this excess an accident, the result of some blind fate which happened to this forming planet. It is the divine proportion of a habitation fitted for mankind. Though millions of our race have never looked upon the ocean, it exists in all its breadth and enwraps these continents as a necessity to them. Beings with our nature and our needs could not dwell in an earth which had less sea. It is thus vast and all pervading because God made it in His wisdom.

For the same reason it is, among created things, the most full of mystery.

The very uses of the sea have compelled men to study it intently and try to ascertain its laws and variations. But all that has been discovered is but a fragment compared with that which remains unsearchable. The very constitution of the ocean, its universal and scarcely variable saltiness, is to this day unaccounted for except by general conjecture. The value of the density thus produced is evident. The contribution which this peculiar combination makes to the tonic of the air and the health of nations is easily appreciated, but the actual causes of it and of its unchanging regularity are hidden with Him whose the sea is. The fact that numerous great currents sweep through the ocean, like a living circulation of vital forces, is familiar to all. That some of these movements are superficial, others submarine, that they even cross one another, and that they produce marked influences on climates and atmospheres, are all matters of common record. But what are their causes, whether they lie in this globe, or in the attraction

of forces beyond and above the earth, remains unsolved and scarcely searched. The very products of the sea known to us, many and various as they seem, are probably but a fraction of the multitudinous life which swarms within its depths. It is a common thing, on all shores, for fishermen to bring to the light forms of sea life unknown before. One naturalist, in his researches in the Amazons, whose broad waters are almost a branch of the Atlantic, added hundreds of species to the known fishes of the world.

This great and wide sea, so full of all manner of creeping things, is also, of all the works of God about us, the most uncontrolled.

There are some powers of nature, which man has so mastered, that they are almost his servants. The earth itself, in its diversity of surface and of contents, is made to contribute at will whatever he needs or chooses to wrest from its bosom. Its natural obstacles are overcome, its mountains pierced, its treasures found, in whatever hiding place. It would seem, at last, as if nothing in this solid globe could resist the mastery of science and the forces which it creates. But when we reach the sea, man becomes insignificant. He makes use of it, and from age to age attains a greater security on its restless surface; but he has not subdued the sea, he has only brought to its navigation a higher skill and a greater outlay. Time and science have given man no power to alter in the least degree the strange liberty of the ocean. It serves him in an awful freedom, sometimes with a terrible caprice. Nothing has ever made the deep a safe pathway. Nothing ever will. It is quiet when it listeth, and when it will it makes sport of all the mightiest engineries of man.

Every year, every month, every day, it takes its tribute of human life and human treasure. Those who know it best trust it least. The partings which take place at its brink are always touched with awe, though it be unspoken. You look from the dock whence a great steamship is moving, upon that little company who are borne out on the great deep, with a feeling which attends no other separation. Behind all the probabilities of safety and success lies the dark uncertainty of the sea, from which no man yet has received pledges. The sea is His; and in that unconquered force which lies within it, God is showing man, forever, his own weakness in the hollow of an almighty hand. The waves obey Him alone. The stormy wind fulfills His word. You need but look one moment from the deck of the staunchest vessel laboring in a storm, to know that there is no help for man against the sea but God. You need but stand on some safe rock, at whose base breaks the swell of an ocean, and up whose front the mad surf springs as if to tear you from your foothold, to know how powerless all human skill is when once the sea has risen in its might to claim its victims. You need but once behold the sea-mist rise, sudden as an apparition, blotting out every waymark and beacon of the coast, though a hundred feet above the deck the sun shines clear, and leaving to the sailor no guidance but the sad tolling of the fog bell, to know that even within the sound of home there are possibilities of peril under which he often sinks unseen in instant shock and ruin. We read sometimes of storm and wreck in the quiet of our dwellings, and our blood curdles at horrors which we after all but faintly conceive. But

it is good to go down and look face to face at the great deep, and watch its moods; to see it when it sleeps and when it wakes; when the sun gilds its broad expanse; when mists veil it in an instant, or when the hoarse voices of the storm begin to sound across it, and sails fly before the tempest into harbor, as birds to their nests. In all its circumstances, whether at rest or in fury, there is a solemn sense of power and majesty which man can not resist, the very power and majesty of God.

The revelation of God in the sea is not, however, only awful. There lie within its realms of beauty, there come forth from it benefits and uses to mankind which testify His love and care. To the naturalist, there are scarcely anywhere discoverable such exquisite and curious forms of life as in the sea. It is in water, and especially in sea water, that those strange gradations of being occur, in which animal and vegetable life seem to blend and become indistinguishable. The flowers of the sea are living creatures feeding on other lives; while the insects of the sea construct a branching forest of fragile stems whose fragments are our admiration. They seem to copy with a wierd design the forms of vegetable growth upon the land. On almost any shore where the ebbing tide has left its shallow pools in the hollows of the rocks, you will find in every one a teeming life which will hold you in long wonder. Here are countless forms of every hue and shape, some most intricate and involved in structure, some active as the light, some sluggish or even anchored to the rock, but all bearing marks of infinite care in their creation, all showing the need of an incessant providence. And where our eyes

fail to see, the microscope reveals, in these same waters, the presence of a life still more crowded and incalculable, yet an individual life, in which each being, visible or invisible, has its separate origin, its instincts, its period and its use. You rise from the study of such a handful of the great deep, with new experience of the infinite goodness of God, and say with new meaning, "the sea is His and He made it."

But there are broader exhibitions of God's love in these oceans which span and encircle the earth. They were appointed as part of the discipline of our race. By them nations and peoples have been set apart within fixed barriers, there to develop their own life and history. The division of mankind has been ordained principally through boundaries of intercourse such as these. Shut in by lines impassable, undisturbed for ages, the specific differences of races have been brought out, and the capabilities of our common nature multiplied. Later in history these same seas have been the stimulant of adventure, the school of courage, the path of discovery. Nothing would have fired the enterprise of those old navigators of Spain, who first made this continent known, but the dim and fabulous attraction of some far off realm of splendor beyond the sea. Nothing would have reserved these northern shores for those Pilgrims, to whom we trace so much of the honor of our land, nothing would have drawn them to it as a dwelling place, but the broad interval and defense of the Atlantic.

And the sea has always exerted a powerful influence on the character of those communities which border upon it. It stirs the imagination, and develops high poetic

thought; it quickens individual energy; it challenges the skill and courage of men; it broadens their horizon of desire and hope; it educates to hardy vigor and a noble manhood. Its opportunities may be perverted. Some who feel its impulse and call may abuse them to low ends. But it has always proved, that, to true men, the sea has brought a higher nobility. There are few souls of quality more noble than are the master spirits among those who sail the seas. The completest specimens of a Christian manhood, simple, reverent, strong, generous, and of high sacrifice, will often be found in men whose lives have been chiefly spent in the silence and responsibility of the sea.

We may pass with brief mention the more material uses of the ocean in commerce, for they are familiar to all. You cannot sit down to any daily meal without finding that you owe a multitude of common comforts to the sea, which brought them from afar. It is the ocean, only, which can make the best things of the world cheap, the world over. All thoroughfares of the solid earth are costly compared with the highway of the ocean, where every wind wafts bounties and blessings which are worldwide and for all. This, too, is a thought of God. In this the sea bears His impress, and for this He made it.

After all, its highest use is to lead our hearts up in solemn and wondering gratitude to Him. Ebbing and flowing round our shores; balanced in its great tides, by almighty power; tempering harsh climates; changing hot desert winds, by its swift evaporation, into cool sea breezes, lifting great columns of pure moisture from its surface, which shall roll landward in the higher air, and hover in rain

clouds round the mountain tops, to feed the sources of innumerable streams; softening with broad diffusive currents from the tropics the chill of northern islands, and making habitable, lands that else were frost-bound forever; yielding its bosom to the course of traffic, and the passage of restless millions, eager to gather treasure or to found new homes; in calm, in storm, in glittering beauty, or in awful grandeur, the sea is but the mightiest revelation of God in nature. Its meaning and sublimest use is to make God known. Fitly says the quaint old Quarles:—

“I love the sea, she is my fellow creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store.
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore.
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?”

Without Thy presence, earth gives no reflection;
Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure.
Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection.
Without Thy presence, heaven's no pleasure.
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?”

It is worth a closing thought, that of all the elements which make our present earth, the sea is the only one which we know is to pass utterly away with time.

In the new earth which John saw, “there was no more sea.”—This one and striking certainty, in that final economy which succeeds out earth, it is permitted us to know. The ocean is somehow co-eval only with our period of probation. Other great features of the globe may remain or be reproduced in aspects more glorious. But there shall be no more sea. Other revelations of God's infinite power and goodness will continue to unfold through the eternal ages, but this illustration of the Creator's majesty and love will be seen no more. This page in the book of nature will be turned and re-opened never. We look our last upon an ocean in this old, wasting,

sinful world. When our eyes close here on that realm of wonder and awe and beauty which God made, it will survive only in memory. We are to gather all knowledge of God in it, in this life. This revelation, that there shall be no more sea, adds to it even now a deeper shade of mystery, and seals it with a fresh signet of God. The sea is His and He made it: and when He chooses He can speak it out of being forever. What a suggestion of infinite power is there! What a passing vision of Him, who taketh up the isles as a very little thing! What a vastness of being in Him who blots out and does not miss the sea! What distance between man, who trembles at the ocean's surge, or floats a helpless atom on its surface, and such a God! What blessedness, in the presence of powers and mysteries so great and yet so subject to His will, to know Him as our Father, to trust in Him, who spoke the stormy billows into stillness, as our Savior and our Friend!

On the Shore.

The punctual tide draws up the bay,
With ripple of wave and hiss of spray,
And the great red flower of the light-housetower
Blooms on the headland far away.

Petal by petal its fiery rose
Out of the darkness buds and grows;
A dazzling shape on the dim, far cape,
A beckoning shape as it comes and goes.
A moment of bloom, and then it dies
On the windy cape twixt the sea and skies.
The fog laughs low to see it go,
And the white waves watch it with cruel eyes.
Then suddenly out of the mist-cloud dun,
As touched and wooed by unseen sun,
Again into sight bursts the rose of light
And opens its petals one by one.

Ah, the storm may be wild and the sea be
strong,
And man is weak and the darkness long,
But while blossoms the flower on the light-house
tower
There still is place for a smile and a song.

Susan Coolidge.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

THE FOUR BOAT-STEERERS.

BY REV. JOHN G. HALL.

Forty years or so ago, the fine large whale-ship *Hobomok*, ready for sea, lay at anchor in the little rock-bound bay, at Vineyard Sound, Massachusetts, which had passed, from time immemorial, as Wood's Hole, though now changed to the less euphonious name of Wood's Noll. The ship was to be off the next morning, on a long cruise after those huge monsters of the deep, denied the dignity of a fish, whose rich supply of oil then lighted the world, while it also poured boundless wealth into the coffers of their captors. All hands were aboard, and everything in readiness for an early anchor-heaving. But just at the edge of the evening, a slight errand calling the Captain ashore, he manned his boat with four muscular young men, newly articled as "boat-steerers;" by which title, as possibly some reader may need to be told, those members of a whale-ship's crew are designated, who command the boats on the immediate chase of the monster, and who have the responsibility, and the honor, of launching the deadly harpoon into his vitals.

These four young men, while the Captain was transacting his business, made fast their craft and resorted to the hotel or tavern, that crowned a neighboring hill, kept by a Mr. Webster, and still known, on the same spot, as "The Webster House." In answer to the question at the Bar, too familiar then, as now, "What will you take?" one bespoke one thing, and the second another, and the third another, all of them *hot*: while the youngest of the group, a slender lad of 19, whose name was Tristam,

promptly answered, "I will take cold water!"—at which the leader of the quartette cried out, somewhat derisively, "Milk and Water!" But Mr. Webster, himself behind the bar, knowing in his heart the superiority of the last answer, and as though pleased with the choice of the stripling, notwithstanding it was out of the direct line of his interest, immediately endorsed it with his approval, and intimated to the others that they would have to "look out for the milk and water boy." And, in a few minutes farther, they scrambled down the hill, and manned again their oars.

After long leagues at sea, beating about hither and thither, and with the usual besmearing and washing-down of the decks in that peculiar business, when the ship made the first port, and the captain wished some one to steer his boat ashore, he passed directly by the "leader," who was upon deck, and also the other two, and sang out for Tristam, the "milk and water" boy, who was then aloft. At this the "leader" was greatly surprised, and freely, though privately, expressed his wonder and indignation that he was not called. And the same thing was repeated in other ports: for the captains, however wayward themselves, have a way of saying, that they like to select oarsmen whom they can "trust," when they go ashore; who will not have to be "looked up," when they are ready to go to the ship. And this captain, though at first a stranger to them all, seemed to fancy, from some reasons, that he could safely trust the boy that called for the "cold

water," although at that time entirely ignorant of what had occurred at the Webster House, on the rocks of Falmouth.

And this power of the cold water, to out-distance the hot rum, was not very long in making its appearance in other ways. Neither the "leader," nor either of his two comrades, ever reached higher, in their seamanship, than a mate's berth, and ultimately fell lower; while the stripling Tristam, drinking in no poison for eye and nerve, with his "milk and water," became, at the age of twenty-eight, the commander of a noble ship, and proved to be one of the most successful captains that sailed out of any of the Eastern ports.

At one time, for example, two great whale ships, in mid-ocean, crossed each others' track so closely that they spoke, and the mate of one of them was the "leader," who took the rum, at that introductory treat, at Wood's Hole; while Capt. Ripley, of the other, was the slender youth who had boldly asked for the cold water. And, still further, as cold water is more likely than rum to lead to piety, so Capt. R. is the only one of the four, so far as is known, that became a Christian. And resolving to take his religion to sea with him, he immediately took the stand that he would not catch whales on the Sabbath. He used to expressly stipulate this with the ship-owners before he would consent to take command. And he lost nothing by this course, although it would sometimes cause him some annoyance from the restiveness of the crew under the regulation. Sometimes it would happen that they would go a long while without the sight of a whale; and then, all at once, some fine fellows would be seen in the dis-

tance, blowing their salutes, on a fine Sabbath morning. And then the loud explosions of admiration, or the ill-suppressed discontent at their enforced inactivity, on the part of the men, would float down the cabin gangway to the ears of the captain. But he was immovable. The cold water kept his nerves steady, and he was willing to trust the other six days for his oily wealth. And they did not disappoint him, for he never went back empty into the home harbor.

Putting in once at a port of the island of Madagascar, some of the native converts, who had noticed his ship in the offing, said to him, as though with surprise, "Why, you don't whale on the Sabbath!" To which he was glad to be able to answer them, with emphasis, "No, I *don't* whale on the Sabbath!" It was a marvel to them to see a captain from Christian America who would so conscientiously keep the Sabbath.—And could they see him now, in his native village, where he expects to abide until he casts anchor at last in the grave, they would see him keeping the Sabbath still;—"turning away his foot from doing his pleasure on God's holy day;" calling the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, and honorable; and delighting himself in the Lord,"—and God, on his part, "causing him to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feeding him with the heritage of Jacob, his father."

Mr. Webster, the taverner, was indeed, not inspired, when he told the other three to "look out for the milk and water boy." But he could scarcely have foretold more accurately, if he had been. Tristam paid him nothing for his water, but he laid away in his heart his kind approval of his temper-

ance principles, and was doubtless much strengthened in them by it. At least he never forgot it, nor will he, till his dying day. Nor has he ever regretted the bravery

of his decision, although he sometimes wonders at it, when, alone of the four, and the youngest of them all, he said,—“*And I'll take cold water.*”

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For the Sailors' Magazine.

THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

XV.—ALEXANDRIA.

The name of this great Egyptian seaport, which in the time of Christ and his Apostles was one of the most important of the maritime cities of the world, occurs but three times in the Bible. It appears first in the mention of its inhabitants, *Acts vi: 9*,—“The synagogue of the Libertines, Cyrenians and Alexandrians.” Again it is noticed as the birth place of a certain “Jew named Apollos,” *Acts xviii: 24*; and once more in the history of the voyage of St. Paul to Rome, *Acts xxvii: 6*, we read “The centurion found a ship of Alexandria sailing into Italy.” These texts recognize three important facts which history fully confirms. The one is the existence at Alexandria of a distinct form of Jewish faith and life arising out of the long residence of Jews in that city, and their necessary association with intelligent and educated Greeks and Romans. Another fact was the existence, in that city, of educational facilities which made it a center and source of intellectual culture to other communities, through its citizens who went from its schools and associations. The last fact is the importance of Alexandria as a seaport whose ships were every where found engaged in the service of commerce, and were the carriers of the world’s wealth.

The city was founded by Alexander, B. C. 332, who designed it as the metropolis of the Western Empire. With the reduction of Tyre, which to this time had been the great mart of the nations, it was a favorable opportunity to establish a new center of commercial operations upon the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea. The far-reaching and almost prophetic genius of Alexander saw near the western or Canobic outlet of the Nile the spot which was best adapted to this purpose, and with his own hands he laid out the new city which was to bear his name. Before it in the broad waters of the great sea lay a cluster of islands, the largest of which was Pharos, acting as a break-water to the waves of the Mediterranean. South of the site he had selected lay the lake Mareotis which could readily be utilized as one of the harbors of the metropolis, and which was to be connected by a canal with the outer port. The architect whom Alexander chose to carry out his plans was the famous Dinocratus who had built the celebrated temple of Diana at Ephesus. The city was intersected by two streets 2,000 feet broad, which crossed each other at right angles, thus forming a magnificent square nearly a mile and a half in circuit. Parallel with these were other streets which

filled a space of nearly fifteen miles in circumference, including the suburbs of the city. Along these splendid avenues arose a series of palaces, temples, museums, libraries, theatres, arches and columns, which made the city the rival of Rome and of Athens. With the death of Alexander the work of construction was carried on by the Ptolemies who were his successors in the government of Egypt, and who fully entered into his design of making Alexandria the metropolis of the East.

Under their direction and rule the city grew to be the center not only of a vast commerce but of learning, of art and civilization. Upon the island of Pharos a celebrated lighthouse was built which was long regarded as one of the wonders of the world. Its architect was Sostratus whom Ptolemy Soter employed to carry out his plans. It could be seen (so say the ancient historians) a hundred miles distant. It was built of marble and had fires constantly burning upon its top, and is said to have cost over \$800,000. Upon it was this inscription, "King Ptolemy to the Gods, the Savior for the benefit of Sailors." Part of this was cunningly carved in mortar, and years after when this crust had decayed and fallen off, the name of Ptolemy disappeared and in its place were the words "Sostratus the Cnidian, son of Dexiphanes," followed by the rest of the inscription. Thus the cunning architect preserved his own name, and that of his father who had preceded him, in the work, and by whom Pharos had been united with the main land by a splendid causeway, with draw-bridges for the passage of ships.

More than a quarter of the city was occupied by the Palace, to which each of the Ptolemies, in

succession, contributed some magnificent addition. Within its vast enclosure stood the Museum, the Asylum for learned men, the gorgeous home of royalty, and a Temple, with its groves, in which lay the body of Alexander in a golden coffin. This splendid monument was subsequently violated by Seleucus Cibyofactus, who substituted a glass case for that in which the great general and monarch was first buried.

The rapid growth of Alexandria, and its commerce was a complete fulfillment of the conceptions of its distinguished founder. Hither came the commodities of India and the East, and from thence they were dispersed over all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Into the lap of this great seaport the Nile poured its rich tributes of corn and other productions of the valley which it made fertile, and vast caravans from Arabia and Africa brought hither across the old beaten paths of ancient inland trade, the wealth of the forest and the mine, the products of the loom, and the skilful work of the cunning artificer. Thus the harbors of Alexandria were crowded with vessels of all maritime nations, and the corn ships of that port were familiar and welcome sights at Corinth, Ephesus and Athens, at Cyprus, Crete and Puteoli, and the water gates of Rome itself. The population of the city rapidly increased until no less than 300,000 freemen were enrolled upon its registers, besides their families and slaves which swelled its numbers to that of one of the largest cities of the old world.

With this influx of commerce and wealth came also intellectual, political and religious influences which made Alexandria the seat of learning and the center of vast so-

cial and moral power. Hither was brought the Grecian civilization with all its art and literature. Vast numbers of Jews came here for purposes of trade, and with them came also the Synagogue, the Scriptures and the Jewish faith. Thus there met together in this new city the wisdom and science of the Egyptian, the culture and refinement of the Greek, the ancient religion of Moses and the Patriarchs, and the wealth and power of a vast commerce which had the world for its activities and agencies. Here schools were established which drew towards them the greatest philosophers of the age.

Here a vast library was founded which grew to enormous proportions and numbered at last 700,000 volumes gathered from all the literature of the world. Here Jewish Synagogues were built, and the faith which they represented was the old religion of their fathers, modified and moulded as to some of its features by Greek culture and philosophy, and thus recognized as Hellenistic in the New Testament. Here, under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about 280 years before Christ, the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into the Greek language, and this version, called the *Septuagint*, at length made its way into the use of the common people, and was often quoted by Christ and his Apostles in their discourses and instructions. Occurring as it did at a time when the Hebrew language was rapidly passing into disuse and the Greek was becoming the popular language, this great and important work prepared the way for the introduction of the Gospel among the Gentiles as well as the Jews. While it is probable that the original copy of the *Septuagint* per-

ished with the Library of Alexandria, yet long before this event, copies had been so multiplied that there was no possibility of the extinction of this version of the Word of God. Three ancient copies of this book are still extant. One is in the Vatican Library at Rome, one in the British Museum, (called the Alexandrian Manuscript) and the third, the Sinaitic, (the most recently discovered) is in the Library at St. Petersburgh.

Thus it was that not only as a center of commerce, but as the seat of religious learning and influence, Alexandria grew into power in the interval between the last of the prophets and the coming of Christ. When the sceptre fell from the hand of the Ptolemies, at the death of the famous Cleopatra, (the sister and wife of the last of the monarchs who bore that name,) Egypt passed into the hands of Rome, thirty years B. C., and was a Roman Province when Christ was born. But, notwithstanding its change of masters, Alexandria still retained its prestige though subject to the sad calamities of war and revolution. It had its representatives in Jerusalem when Christ was crucified, and among them were some who witnessed the wonderful outpouring of the Spirit at Pentecost, and who carried back to their native or adopted city the news of the great events which were to result in the decay of the Jewish power and the introduction of the Christian religion to the world, that seemed to have paused in its work of war and bloodshed to welcome the coming of the Prince of Peace. The New Testament is silent as to the question who was the founder of the Alexandrian Church. Tradition alludes to Mark as being the agent through whom the institutions of

he Christian religion were first established in this city. He is also said to have been the founder of the Catechetical Schools, which became afterwards so famous and influential in largely moulding the early theology of the Church. But, however this may be, it is certain that Alexandria early received the Gospel and largely aided in the growth and successes of the Church, and soon became one of the important centers of missionary power and influences. Thus, early in the history of the propagation of Christianity, commerce began to aid in its extension. It was in her ships that the Apostle Paul was borne from port to port. The corn vessels of the city were met, as said before, in every harbor of the Mediterranean, and were of constant service in carrying the messengers of the Gospel over the waters that rolled between Palestine and Italy. So began the fulfillment of the prophecies which ages before had been uttered, and which in their allusions to the ultimate spread of the Gospel identified its triumphs with the advance of commerce,—saying, “the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first to bring my sons from far, their silver and their gold with them.”

Nor was this the only method in which Alexandria aided in the spread of the Gospel. Out of her schools of philosophy went forth learned and eloquent men who rendered a most important service to the church, in the power of their arguments and in the force of their appeals in behalf of the Christian religion. Here Apollos was born and educated, and his services are fully recognized in the history of the Acts of the Apostles, and in the reference which Paul makes to them in his epistles.

Thus it was that this great commercial center of wealth, and genius, and naval power contributed her full proportion to this increase and extent of the Church of Christ. Her ships bore its ministers and apostles; her schools gave to it some of her noblest scholars. Here Clemens Alexandrinus was educated and ordained a Presbyter of the church, and propagated the Christian faith both as an eloquent minister and as a teacher in the schools of that city. Here Athanasius was born and educated, and devoted his genius and learning to the spread of the truth, and opposed the growing errors of the church with a power that was everywhere felt and recognized, though his faithful adherence to the great doctrines of the Gospel brought upon him long and bitter persecutions from its enemies.

Alexandria was one of the four great centers of the church of which Rome, Antioch, and Constantinople were the others, whose Bishops were advanced to the dignity of Patriarchs, who divided the supremacy of the Christian world among themselves. Here some of the most pernicious doctrines which afterwards corrupted the church grew into life and strength, and from this great city went forth influences which have ever since been felt in shaping the opinions of many concerning the doctrines of the Christian religion.

With the growth of Constantinople, Alexandria, though still retaining a fair proportion of its commerce, gradually waned in its wealth and power. In the year 640 it fell into the hands of the Saracens, and in 969 Cairo was made the capitol of Egypt. Thus the political sceptre passed from the hands of the city which for twelve centuries had been the

great mart of the East. In the year 1497 a new route to India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, and thus the annihilation of the commerce of this old seaport was completed. The new city of Alexandria was built chiefly out of the ruins of the old, upon the causeway which was originally built to connect the island of Pharos with the main land. Only a few ruins are left to call to mind the glory of the old Egyptian capitol. When Amron wrote to the Caliph, under whose rule the city fell into the hands of the Saracens, he said, "I have taken the city of the West. It is of immense extent. I cannot describe to you how many houses it contains. There are 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 12,000 dealers in fresh oil, 40,000 Jews who pay tribute, and 400 theaters, or places of amusement."

But, as the prosperity of the city waned with the opening of a new route to the East by the ocean, so it again revived under new commercial enterprises, and Alexandria has now assumed the appearance of a large and busy port. Mr. William H. Seward writes thus of it:—"Alexandria, founded by the great conqueror whose name it bears, after his death supplanting Memphis under the sway of the Ptolemies, after its conquest by

Julius Cæsar emulating Rome itself, and later becoming the school of Christianity in the East, then eclipsed by Constantinople, and still later subjugated by the Musulman Caliphs, broken down by their successors, and restored by Mahomet Ali, still remains a great commercial city. It is the *entrepot* of European commerce for Egypt and India." Whatever may be the future history of the place in the political and commercial changes which are gradually effecting important revolutions both in the old world and in the new, the spot will ever be one of interest to the traveler and the scholar. Its broken columns, its heaps of rubbish, its piles of stones, and capitals, and briks, its lonely pillar whose name at least recall the memorable and noble Roman who was slain upon the shores of Egypt by one of his former centurions, and the vast subterranean vaults which were built as reservoirs for the supply of the city with the water of the Nile,—all speak of the ancient greatness and glory of the city which, for 1,500 years was the seat of commerce, and art, and learning, and amid whose institutions were numbered Christian schools and churches whose influence was far reaching, and whose teachers were famed for their wisdom, learning, and piety."

BOB, THE CABIN-BOY AND HIS CAPTAIN.

A few months since, a vessel sailed from England, with a captain, whose habitual blasphemy, drunkenness, and tyranny, so disgusted the crew, that some of the most fatal consequences might have taken place, but for the sudden and alarming illness of their cruel and depraved commander.

The mate took charge of the ship, and the captain, greatly afflicted in his cabin, was left, by the unanimous voice of a hardened crew, to perish. He had continued nearly a week in this neglected state, no one venturing to visit him, when the heart of a poor boy on board was touched with his suffer-

ings, and he determined to enter the cabin and speak to him. He descended the companion-ladder, and opening the state-room door, called out, "Captain, how are you?" A surly voice replied, "What's that to you?—be off." Next morning, however, he went down again—"Captain, hope you are better." "Oh, Bob, I'm very bad—been very ill all night." "Captain, please to let me wash your hands and face; it will refresh you very much." The captain nodded assent. Having performed this kind office, the boy said, "Please, Master, let me shave you." He was permitted to do this also; and having adjusted the bed-clothes, he grew bolder, and proposed some tea. The captain knew he had no mercy to expect from his crew, and had determined not to solicit any. "I'll perish," said his obstinate, perverse soul, "rather than ask one favor of them." But the kindness of this poor boy found its way to his heart; and, in spite of all his daring, independent spirit, his bowels melted, and his iron face displayed the starting tear.

He now declined apace: his weakness was daily increasing, and he became gradually convinced that he should not live many weeks at farthest. His mind was filled with increasing terror as the prospect of death and eternity drew nearer to his confused and agitated view. He was as ignorant as he was wicked. Brought up among the worst seamen in early life, he had imbibed all their principles, followed their practices, and despised remonstrances or reproof. A man-of-war had finished his education; and a long course of successful voyages, as master of a vessel, had contributed to harden his heart, and led him not only to say,

"there is no God," but to act under that persuasion. Alarmed at the idea of death, and ignorant of the way of salvation, with a conscience now thundering conviction to his guilty soul, he cried one morning, just as Bob opened the state-room door, and affectionately inquired, "Well, Master, how is it with you this morning?"—"Ah, Bob, I'm very bad; my body is getting worse and worse; but I should not mind that so much, were it not for my soul. Oh, Bob, what shall I do? I'm a great sinner. I'm afraid I shall go to hell—I deserve it. Alas, Bob, I'm a lost man." "Oh, no, Master," said the boy, "Jesus Christ can save you." "No, Bob, no, I cannot see the least prospect of being saved. What a sinner I have been! what will become of me?" His stony heart was broken, and he poured out his complaints before the boy, who strove all he could to comfort him, but in vain.

One morning the boy just appeared, when the captain cried out, "Oh, Bob, I've been thinking of a Bible. I know there is not one in the cabin; go forward and see if you can find one in the men's chests." The boy succeeded, and the poor dying man beheld him enter with tears of joy. "Ah! Bob, that will do—that will do; you must read to me, and I shall soon know whether such a wicked man as I am can be saved, and how it is to be done. Now, Bob, sit down on my chest, and read to me out of that book." "Where shall I read, Master?" "I do not know, Bob. I never read it myself; but try and pick out some places that speak about *sinners* and *salvation*." "Well, Master, then I'll take the New Testament; you and I will understand it better; for, as my poor mother used to say, there are

not so many hard words there." The boy read for two hours, while the captain, stretching his neck over the bed-place, listened with the eagerness of a man on the verge of eternity. Every word conveyed light to his mind, and his astonished soul soon beheld sin as he had never seen it before. The justice of God in his eternal ruin struck him with amazing force; and, though he heard of a Savior, still the great difficulty of knowing how he could be saved, appeared a mystery unfathomable. He had been ruminating a great part of the night on some passages Bob had read, but they only served to depress his spirits, and terrify his soul.

The next morning, when the boy entered the state-room, he exclaimed, "Oh, Bob, I shall never live to reach the land. I am dying very fast; you'll soon have to cast me overboard; but all this is nothing—my soul, my poor soul! Ah, Bob, my dear lad, what will become of my soul? Oh, I shall be lost for ever. Can't you pray?" "No, Master, I never prayed in my life, any more than the Lord's Prayer my mother taught me." "Oh, Bob, pray for me; go down on your knees and cry for mercy; do, Bob, God will bless you for it. Oh, kneel down and pray for your poor wicked captain." The boy hesitated—the master urged—the lad wept—the master groaned, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Both cried greatly. "Oh, Bob, for God's sake, kneel down and pray for me." Overcome by importunity and compassion, the boy fell on his knees, and with heavy sobs, cried out "O Lord, have mercy on my poor dying captain! O Lord, I am a poor, ignorant, wicked sailor-boy. Lord, I don't know what to say. Lord, the cap-

tain says I must pray for him, but I don't know how. Lord, have mercy on him. He says he shall be lost—Lord, save him! He says he shall go to hell—Lord, take him to heaven! He says he shall be with devils—oh, that he may be with angels! Don't let him perish, O Lord! Thou knowest I love him, and am sorry he is so ill. The men won't come near him, but I'll do the best I can for him as long as he lives, but I can't save him. O Lord, pity my poor captain; see how thin and how weak he is! Oh, comfort his troubled mind! Oh, help me, Lord, to pray for my master." The captain was too much affected to speak. In the evening he again read the Bible to the captain, whose soul appeared to receive every word with indescribable eagerness. The next morning, on entering the state-room, the boy was struck with the extraordinary change visible in his master's features. The circumstances of the past night had settled the whole arrangement of his features into a holy, pleasant, calm, and resigned state, that would seem to say, An heir of grace can "find glory begun below."

"Oh, Bob, my dear lad," said the captain, "I have had such a night! After you left me I fell into a sort of doze; my mind was full of the many blessed things you had been reading to me from the precious Bible. All on a sudden I thought I saw, in the corner of my bed-place, Jesus Christ, hanging bleeding on the cross. Struck with the idea, I thought I arose and crawled to the place, and casting myself at his feet in the greatest agony of soul, I cried out for a long time, like the blind man you read of, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' At length I thought he looked on me.

Yes, my dear lad, he looked at your poor wicked captain; and oh, Bob, what a look it was! I shall never forget it. My blood rushed to my heart—my pulse beat high—my soul thrilled with agitation, and waiting for him to speak, with fear not unmixed with hope, I saw him smile. Oh, my child, I saw him smile—yes, and he smiled on me—on me, Bob. Oh, my dear boy, he smiled on wretched guilty me. Ah, what did I feel at that moment! My heart was too full to speak; but I waited, and ventured to look up, when I heard him say, hanging as he did on the cross, the blood streaming from his hands, and feet, and side—oh, Bob, what sounds were these!—shall I ever hear his beloved voice again?—I heard him say, in sounds that angels cannot reach, ‘*Son, be of good cheer; thy sins, which be many, are all forgiven thee!*’

Then the Captain declared his gratitude to Bob, for his kindness, and thus the day passed in the most pleasing and profitable manner, when Bob, after reading the Bible as usual, retired to his hammock, and by the next morning, the captain’s spirit had gone, we hope, to be with Christ, which is far better.

Dublin Tract, Condensed.

Ladies Saving Life.

A few days since, says a recent English Magazine, a very interesting presentation was made at Padstow, on the coast of Cornwall, to five young ladies, the Misses Prideaux, Brune, and Miss Nora O’Shaughnessy, in the shape of five silver medals, and thanks inscribed on vellum, which had been awarded to them by the Royal National Life-boat Institution in acknowledgment of their intrepid and determined services in pro-

ceeding in their boat through a rough sea, and saving, at considerable risk, the life of an exhausted sailor from a boat which had been capsized during squally weather off Padstow on 9th ult., two of his comrades having perished before their arrival. Samuel Bate, late assistant coxswain of the Padstow life-boat, was towing the ladies’ boat astern of the fishing smack, when, seeing the accident to the boat, they nobly requested to be cast off, and on that being done he states, they rowed ‘like tigers’ to the rescue, implying that they rowed with the full conviction of the danger in the heavy sea before them, and he has no doubt that the man saved would have perished like his companions but for their prompt help.

This is copying the famous example of Grace Darling, who has immortalized her name by her one great act of bravery. She was living with her father in a lighthouse situate on the Longstone rock, outside of the Faroe Islands, only some four feet above high water mark, and swept by every gale. “On a dark night in September, 1838, the *Forfarshire*, a Hull steamer, struck on a hidden reef called the Hascars, in the vicinity of the lighthouse. She had on board 63 persons, including passengers and crew. Their signals of distress were observed from the lighthouse. It was impossible for Darling, the keeper, to pull off in his boat alone; no single arm could have impelled it through the raging sea that then prevailed. Grace resolved to go. She sprang into the skiff, and over the bounding billows father and daughter gallantly made their way. Their lives hung upon a thread; but the brave girl never bated a jot of hope or heart, and rowed with all the vigor

which a noble enthusiasm is apt to inspire. They reached the ship, and took off nine persons with whom they contrived to gain the lighthouse. Nine more escaped in one of the steamer's boats, but all the rest perished.

Story of a Recent Wreck.

From Washington, D. C. on the 11th February, in a report to the general superintendent of the U. S. Life Saving Service, Mr. W. C. De Hart, assistant inspector, gave the following graphic description of the wreck of the schooner *George Taulane*, Captain John D. Adams, Master, on the coast of New Jersey, between the U. S. Life Saving Stations Nos. 11 and 12, in the great storm of February 3rd.

"The vessel had a crew of seven men all told, two of whom had perished before the vessel was beached. The captain says that he left Hampton Roads, Va., on the night of January 30th, bound to New York with a cargo of pine wood. On Saturday, the 1st of February, he experienced a heavy gale from the westward, but sustained no material damage. The wind afterward moderated and shifted to the eastward, and the vessel had arrived off the Highlands on the evening of the 2nd instant, when the weather shut in so thick as to make it too hazardous to run for Sandy Hook. The captain accordingly stood off shore, and finding the wind increasing put his vessel under short sail and lay as close to the wind as possible. While shortening sail, and not making sufficient allowance for leeway—which was great on account of the high deck-load—the run of the vessel was lost; and, to the surprise of the captain, the beach was sighted one mile distant next morning between 7 and 8 o'clock. To add to their difficulties, the deck-load had got adrift, and was soon afterward discovered to be on fire. With much trouble the fire was extinguished.

"As soon as the beach was sighted, the captain finding the vessel was drifting on shore, let go both anchors, hoping by so doing he might save his vessel. This made their subsequent rescue by the life-saving crew so difficult. The vessel at first came head to the wind,

but the strong current setting to the southward caused her to drag immediately, and placed the vessel in the trough of the tremendous sea, as well as opposing her broadside to the gale. She rolled heavily, and the sea making clean breaches over her hull, the crew were unable to slip the cable, and were forced to take to the rigging for safety.

"When the anchors were let go, at 8 a. m., the vessel was about one mile to the south of Station No. 11, and was fully five miles farther down the beach when she stranded at 1 p. m.

"The crew of No. 11 seeing the vessel so near the bar, had congregated on the beach in order to render assistance as soon as possible. The captain says the very fact of seeing these men gave new life to his now almost despairing crew. The crew of No. 12 with the mortar-cart were soon met, and by the united efforts of both crews the cart was kept opposite the fast drifting vessel. The tide was unusually full, being four feet higher on the beach than ordinary high tides, so that it was necessary to haul the cart along the sand hills; and even there the water was at times up to the men's waists. Horses in these circumstances would have been useless, and it was only by the united efforts of the two crews that the cart was kept opposite the vessel. Several attempts had now been made to get a line to the vessel by means of the gun, but by reason of her constantly changing position, and the fact that the crew could not leave the rigging, they had proved unsuccessful until the sixth shot was fired, when the line was caught by one of the crew. The whip line was soon hauled off, and communication established for sending off the breeches buoy, as soon as the vessel should bring up. While she was drifting, and before communication was established, two of the crew fell from the rigging, either weakened by exposure or fright, and were swept away. At 1 p. m., owing to the change of the tide, the vessel grounded, and thirty minutes later, all of the survivors of the crew, (five in number) were safely landed by means of the breeches buoy.

"The whole proceeding, from the first sighting of the distressed vessel to the ultimate rescue of her imperilled crew, showed the most indomitable courage and the coolest judgment on the part of the crews of Stations 11 and 12. The captain of the vessel speaks in the highest terms of their actions. W. L. Chadwick, of Squan, who was present, and

who has probably assisted at more wrecks than any other man on the Jersey beach, says he never saw a time when the chances of rescue seemed so improbable. Beside the above-mentioned crews, Keeper Miller and four men from Station 13 arrived soon after the vessel struck, and aided materially in the rescue. The vessel will prove a total wreck; and the cargo is strewn on the meadows inside the sand hills for miles along the beach, which shows how unusually high the tide must have been."

Miss Weston's "Monthly Letters," and her Work in General.

The *Christian Intelligencer* of this city, says of Miss WESTON of England, whose "Sailor's Rest" at Devonport in that country, and whose "Letters" are referred to in Rev. Dr. DAMON'S Report, printed in the March number of the MAGAZINE:

"She has endeared herself to thousands of British sailors by her Christian and sympathetic work among them, continued through many years. Among other attempts to lead them to Christ, she has for some time prepared and published a Monthly Letter, full of Christian counsel and encouragement. Recently she has written to English religious journals:—

"Never, in my long experience in the Royal Navy, have I known such a demand for these Monthly Letters. Double the number is needed to supply those seamen and marines who beg to have them. I have a list now before me of ninety-nine of our large ships who plead to be supplied with three 'Blue Backs' to each mess—not an extravagant demand. To comply with this request we should be obliged to add 6,700 copies a month to our number, to say nothing of proportionate postage; while even this increase would not suffice for the 208 ships which constitute the Royal Navy of this country. These 'Blue Backs,' as the sailors fondly call them, are very dear to the men. Testimony, simple but glorious, comes from all parts of the world as to the spiritual blessing which these Letters have been. A stoker writes from China: 'I was sorely tempted to backslide last week; the Devil was whispering to me to do so, when I saw a 'Blue Back' lying on the mess table. I took

it up, and the text on the cover went straight to my soul. I went forward to a quiet corner alone with Jesus, and I felt that I was saved from a great sin.' I have lately had a certain number issued in covers suitable for the merchant service, and every month they are reprinted in tract form for general distribution, while, besides, our ships of war, hospitals, lighthouses, coast-guard stations, and marine barracks, receive their quota."

We find in *Chart and Compass*, Eng., for March, an account of Miss Weston's general work at Devonport, which was given by Miss W. herself, at a recent temperance meeting in England. She is reported as saying:—"For the Sailors' Rest at Devonport, they had to thank God first and the sailors themselves next. She well remembered when she first went to work at Plymouth. Among the numbers of seamen and officers who came to her, one of them said, 'What a splendid thing it would be if we could get a temperance house here; it would save thousands of us from going wrong!' And somebody said, 'Why, here is Miss Weston come to work amongst us; she might get one up.' They knelt down and asked God's blessing on the work, and she well remembered those prayers—so simple, just like the sailors—which went up from the blue-jackets. Five years had passed away, and God had given the very house that was asked for. It was right amongst public-houses, five of which were opposite it, but since shut up. (Applause.) They went on working little by little. The house was fitted up; when the men began to use it they had some prophets who said, 'They will never make the place answer—to open a place for Jack without giving him his beer was just like a woman.' Well, as they had not the great charmer they tried to make the place bright and cheerful and comfortable instead. As old George Whitfield used to say, he did not see why the Devil should have all the best tunes, so they thought all the best colors, the glasses, the chandeliers, and other charming things should not belong to the public-houses. The fair speaker then went on to draw a picture of the attractive building, with its musical boxes playing lively airs, and other amusements, and even Jack dancing a hornpipe in the "bar." When they first opened the

place the men came crowding in, literally taking it by storm. Even the night previous they had a couple of blue-jackets who asked if they might sleep there. They were told the house would not be ready till the following day. Much disappointed they further enquired if the "regulations" could not be altered, and they be allowed to stay? They had received permission from their captain to come ashore, so that they 'might be the first birds come to roost.' (Laughter.) 'Oh! ma'm, please throw overboard the red tape and let us stay,' they pleaded. At last they were taken in, and they became two of the most exemplary of men, and were now petty officers. But they had also men of a different stamp; they must not think they had all the religious men. After mentioning the di-couraging forebodings she had heard, Miss Weston said that in the first year they had 15,000 sailors at the "Rest;" in the second, 30,000; in the third, 40,000; and in the fourth the number extended long past that. Last month alone they had 2,500 sailors. That showed how it became popular amongst the men. They had many instances where men had come in thinking it was a public-house. Not very long ago a man came in who went up to the bar and looked all around him, and then asked for some rum. He was told they had plenty of other things, but not that. 'What have you got, then? I suppose its one of the new-fangled places since I've been away,' 'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'it is; will you have a cup of coffee?' Well, he had it, and after drinking it thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a handful of money, and told the server to help herself. 'Oh! no, thank you, it's only a penny,' she rejoined. 'I have plenty of money,' said Jack, 'and I am bound to spend it.' They offered to take care of his money, and he took out £70 or £80. 'Will you have a receipt?' he was asked, but to this he rejoined characteristically, 'What does a blue-jacket want with a receipt?' Finally he went to his own home, to which he asked the money should be remitted, and as he had there a wife the money was sent. Subsequently with this sum he was enabled to apprentice his boys. If they could only separate the sailor from his money he would be harmless—his money was his greatest evil. At the "Sailor's Rest" they took care of the money for the men. They had banks there. At Devonport she drew nearly £10,000 a

year for the men. (Applause.) The ship *Achilles*, at Plymouth, had about 1,000 men, and all young men. These they had great difficulty in getting at, but by skittles and other amusements they had succeeded in getting hold of them. After describing some of the scenes to be met with at Plymouth, Miss Weston gave an interesting description of the "cabins" fitted up at the "Rest"—about eighty in number, which were furnished with pictures, lockers for clothes, &c., and where the sailor could come for a quiet read. These all had different names but there was one—the *Volage*—called after a vessel of that name, the captain of which had given £10 to the institute—which was a remarkable one. The men of the *Volage* wrote to say that the vessel was coming home, and if there was one there were at least 300 who wanted to sleep in that cabin. (Laughter.) Well, many in time and in their turn had their wish gratified. Miss Weston went on to detail many amusing and instructive things in connection with this "Rest," and also mentioned the *Bacchante*, in which the young Princes were cruising, as a model ship, and also adverted to Portsmouth, where she had just taken a small music-hall to begin work. For over an hour she kept her auditory most deeply interested in her narrative, which was delivered with remarkable ease and fluency, and was greeted with loud applause on resuming her seat."

How Sailors are Exposed, and Suffer in Canada.—Labor on their Behalf.

Miss ANNIE MACPHERSON writes from the Orphan Home at Galt, Ontario, to *Chart and Compass*, in London:—"My heart bleeds for those sailors who are daily being ruined in Ratcliff Highway. Poor dear fellows! The nets and gins laid to trap their feet are from the bottomless pit. And how poor are all our efforts to save them. So soon as they arrive, the sailor rushes to his ruin—soul and body. But after visiting for the past two years those sad streets around the docks, I am more and more convinced that sailors are the easiest class of men to work amongst. There is no need of any fear, as many of us can prove. We have ever been shielded by the loving Father, from broils and insult.

Nearing the Land.

*Read at a Gathering of College
Classmates.*

Hoy, ship ahoy! hail, comrades, hail!
We greet you well with heart and hand,
And cheery hope for prosperous sail
Beyond, until we reach the land.

What news aboard? what fare? what cheer?
What halcyon days? what adverse wind
Since last we hailed with skies all clear?
What leagues before? what leagues behind?

What noble ships with us abreast
When we were launched, with flags a-breeze,
Have shot ahead and are at rest,
Or wrecked, have foundered in the seas!

Bright stars have cheered our course by night,
And islands, looming with the day,
Alive with song and clothed with light,
Have cheered and lured us on our way.

The golden islands sank below
When we approached, and left no trace;
And stars went out when winds did blow
The stormy billows in their face.

And on our path from wreck and raft
Came cries for succor, which we gave;
Though some who wept and some who laughed
Were swept beyond our reach to save.

And evermore and every where,
On winds and waves, that cannot rest,
We hear them moaning in the air
And crying out from crest to crest.

Still on we sail, or calm or gale:
We hold our course by night, by day,
As when at first we hoisted sail
For land unknown and far away.

We may not fear the storms, and fly,
With tack of ship, to lands far back—
But on must press to where the sky
Is resting on our forward track.

Onward we sail with swifter bound—
The winds and waves sweep us before—
Nor course can change nor rest be found
Until we reach the distant shore.

But far above, the unseen Hand
Doth guide our ships the tempests through;
O, sure there is a golden land
We yet shall reach, though hid from view!

A land that will not sink away
And vanish ere we reach the shore,
But in the arms of summer-day
At rest, abides forevermore.

The land ahead with golden gates,
And full of song and odors sweet,
And joy untold, for us awaits
Beyond where sky and ocean meet.

And on we sail—the land unseen,
Our eager gaze of no avail—
The horizon bounds our vi-ion keen
From all beyond, and still we sail.

We cannot lift the mists, nor guess
The glories of the land they screen;
Though near and nearer still we press,
The land is silent and unseen.

But breath of flowers is on the breeze
That gently wafts our ships along,
And e'en the storms that sweep the seas
Bear us some notes of distant song.

And through the mists such gleamings bright
Flash, like the wheels of coming day,
As show the land is full of light
And cannot now be far away.

Ho, comrades cheer! the land is sweet,
And but few leagues remain to sail,
And then, where sky and ocean meet,
Our ships shall cleave the misty veil.

EDWD. HOPPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 14TH, 1879.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

A Foul Wind.

"Our iniquities like the wind have taken us away." Isa. 64, 6.

Iniquity like the wind blows *constantly*. Ever since the angels fell, and Adam was absent from the meeting place, this wind has blown. This wind blows *violently*. "Why do the heathen rage? Driven with the wind and tossed." This wind comes *suddenly* sometimes, as it came to David, when his eye wandered, and to Peter who was in unfriendly company. This wind causes terrible *destruction*. The wicked are driven away, like chaff from the threshing floor. Fear cometh as desolation, and destruction as a whirlwind.

I. *Whence?* Iniquities always take away from the presence of God, as it took Adam from the tent of Isaac, as it took Jacob from the land of rightful and honorable possession, as it took the children of Israel from the path of duty, as it took Jonah from the home of security and love, as it took the Prodigal. Oh, what has it not taken away? beauty from the cheek, purity from the heart, peace from the conscience, happiness from the home; it takes away the compass out of the binnacle, and makes man an ignorant, helpless bondslave of the devil.

II. *Whither?* To the landing place of sin, the iron-bound shore! On the pay-table is heaped up the hideous wages of sin. The landing will be final; once strike, and you will stick and never float again. "When once the master of the house has risen up," etc. Luke 13, 25.

Some arrive early, others later, and more heavily laden.

Doubtless, there are difficulties in being saved, but are there not difficulties in the way of those who are making a fair wind of this foul wind, of which we speak? Before men can arrive on this dark shore, they must pass many a warning signal friendly beacon, blazing light. They must get past Christ and his teaching, the cross and its untold sufferings, the grave, which is empty, and the mount of Bethany, whence He ascended to heaven, to be men's advocate and friend! They must get past the Bible.

"This lamp from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down and in the night of time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow,
And ever more beseeching men with tears,
And earnest sighs, to hear, believe and live."

H. T. M.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

From "Father Coan"—Fresh Congratulations and Reminiscences
—A Sandwich Island S. S. sends out a Loan Library.

HILO, HAWAII, Feb. 3rd, 1880.

To the Corresponding Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

It is a joy to respond to your "New Year Greeting," on the opening of the year 1880, and the beginning of the Fifty-second volume of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. Three days ago I celebrated my seventy-ninth birthday, and I am now gliding down my eightieth year.

Well do I remember when there was no AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, no SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and when no united efforts were made to save the sons of the deep from sinking lower than the deepest soundings of the ocean. By many the sailor was looked upon as a

"wandering star," plunging into darkness and into ever deepening shades of night.

But, thanks be to God, that night of unconscious slumber has past, the morning has come; the day-star has risen, and the Sun of Righteousness has ascended to the zenith, flooding the continents, the islands, the oceans, and all the waters of the earth with golden beams of light. Beacon fires now blaze along every rock-bound shore, over every dangerous reef and shoal, and float aloft from every masthead that towers above the billowy ocean. And friendly voices call out from the skies, from the shores, and from the bosom of all waters, hailing the mariner as his proud bark plows the foaming deep, "Ship Ahoy! Your name? Where from? Whither bound? What's your reckoning?",—warning against currents and calms, against hidden rocks and reefs, and against cyclones and realms of storm and tempest.

I see Life Boats hanging from the cranes and davits of all ships, with quiet sailors reclining in or near them on the Lord's Day, examining Charts and Directions for sailing, or watching the compass to see that the good ship keeps on her course, or taking observations to learn the Latitude and Longitude, and to determine the speed of the ship while the great luminary above throws a clear light upon all points of inquiry.

At night the mild moon sends down a silver sheen over the rippling and quivering wavelets, and tells "the story of her birth" to the watch on deck,

"While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole."

All these silent orbs of night speak to the sailor's soul, proclaiming the power, the wisdom, and the love of that Divine mind that created them, fixed their laws, and reveals the Almighty hand that rolls them from age to age, and from cycle to cycle, in their orbits.

But let me drop figures of speech and speak in simple prose.

I rejoice greatly in the extent and success of your *Loan Libraries*. Six thousand five hundred and two of these libraries sent out as Life Boats, or "Leaves of Healing," up to April 1st, 1879, and these libraries containing 349,328 well selected volumes! When I read these figures I wanted to call out to all the pious, *Let us pray*; and then propose a shout of "Glory to God in the highest," with the Doxology,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Surely this is literally "casting your bread upon the waters," and you do, as surely, "find it after many days," just as many as it takes your rice to ripen, or your ships to return from their voyages.

I am not sure whether I have two or but one loan library afloat, but I have not forgotten the sailor or his true friends. For some time past I have purposed to propose to our Sabbath School of Hawaiian children, to send twenty dollars for this object. Last Sabbath, which, as aforesaid, was my natal day, we brought up the subject, and it was unanimously voted to send you the money for the purchase of another library, to be labelled thus:—

CHILDREN'S SABBATH SCHOOL,

Hilo, Hawaii.

And please write me a pleasant letter which I can translate and read to our boys and girls. From our banker I will obtain exchange for twenty dollars, and order it enclosed in this letter; and this trifle will go with our hearty prayers and earnest desires for Heaven's choicest blessing to rest on you, on your associates in this good work, upon the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and upon all who go down to the sea in ships.

The Lord open the eyes of all sailors to

"see the Heavenly Land,
The port of endless rest,"

and so to observe the high, celestial lights, so to study the chart, (Bible), so to watch the compass, and so to "trim the sails," that when the voyage of this mortal life shall end they may enter that port where cold, heat, weariness and want, and storms and tempests shall no more distress them!

Yours in the love and service of the Lord Jesus.

TITUS COAN.

P. S.—I admire the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* in its appropriate overcoat, and more so for the spirit and treasure within.

Ship's Library Work.

"It was an excellent idea of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, which has completed fifty years of good work among the seamen of this port," says the *New York Illustrated Weekly*, "to make up small but well-chosen ship's libraries, and lend them to vessels sailing from New York.

"The object of these libraries is to give the sailors healthy reading while at sea, and especially to replace the want of that religious influence afforded by church and lecture-room on land.

"These libraries are generally absent from the Society's room a year and a half, but not unfrequently the period is much longer. Four years, and even six, are not uncommon, and in two cases a term of thirteen years elapsed before the library was restored. The sailors feel a pride in them, and there are cases where, even amid the hurry, confusion and peril of shipwreck, the tars contrived to save what had been a source of so much consolation and good to them.

"The interest in these libraries is not confined to America. In 1874 the Countess of Aberdeen sent £300 in gold to furnish and keep in repair one hundred loan libraries in memory of her son George, Earl of Aberdeen, who was for

more than three years a sailor on American vessels, and who was lost at sea, six days after sailing from Boston.

"Up to the commencement of the present year the Society had sent out 6,729 new loan libraries, comprising 373,988 volumes. Each library usually has gone out at least three times. The books have thus been available to more than a quarter of a million of seamen. Nearly a thousand of these libraries have been placed in the vessels or navy-yards of the United States Navy.

"When on a long voyage the books have been pretty well read, the ship will exchange its library with some other ship that it encounters which has been similarly supplied and desires exchange. To meet this, no two libraries are alike. They are put up in neat, strong, stained cases, thirteen inches by twenty-five. The selection embraces biography, travel, adventure, science, history, narrative, etc.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Obituary.

WILLIAM GRAHAM.

Died, suddenly, at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, March 21st, 1880, WILLIAM GRAHAM, a native of Scotland, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Mr. Graham entered the Institution in June, 1844, at the age of 35. His eligibility to the benefits of this trust was the result of chronic rheumatism. A few months after his entrance he so far recovered as to take the place of Gatekeeper, a position which he retained for years, discharging its duties with fidelity. Having given satisfaction to the authorities he was selected for the more responsible situation of Assistant Steward, and fully met all the requirements of this office up to the hour of his death, a period of over twenty years, proving himself in all things an efficient, faithful, and incorruptible officer. Capt. AUGUSTUS DE PEYSTER, our

former Governor, once said to the writer, "I do not know how much William Graham weighs, but I do know that he is worth his weight in gold to this Institution." The present Governor, Capt. THOMAS MELVILLE, after an experience of his usefulness for the last twelve years, testifies that he was "conscientious in the discharge of every duty and worthy of all commendation and confidence."

To say he had no enemies would be to say that he was more than human, nay, more than angelic, for no angel from Heaven can ever please a corrupt and sinning humanity. But, as a rule, he was kind and gentlemanly, and for the last few years was seriously considering and preparing for the Eternity into which he was suddenly ushered. Those who knew him best, loved him most. May he rest in peace until the Great Captain of our salvation pipes all hands! And let us who live, so live as to leave behind us an influence for good!

C. J. J.

The Brassey Prize.

THOMAS BRASSEY, Esq., M. P., of England, has recently offered a prize of \$125 (£25) for the best Essay on "Lay Work in the English Merchant Navy, to treat in part, of arrangements for holding Divine Service, and for the devout observance of the Lord's Day on board various classes of ships (a) in home ports, (b) at sea, and (c) in foreign and colonial ports. 2. How to promote the attendance of the officers and crews at Divine Worship on shore, (a) in home ports, and (b) in foreign and colonial ports. 3. Arrangements for Week-day Services, Bible Classes, and Adult Schools, &c., on board, under a similar variety of conditions. 4. How to encourage individual Prayer and reading of the Holy Scriptures in the forecastle. 5. The visitation of the sick on board and in hospitals abroad. 6. How best to keep up a supply of books, and to

to manage a lending library on board; and to provide the crew with Bibles, Prayer Books, and Hymn Books. 7. The enrolling of members for the Church of England Temperance Society, and for the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society." Essays are to be sent before June 1st of this year, to 11 Buckingham St., Strand, London.

A Fresh Arctic Expedition.

A bill providing for the equipment of the "Howgate Arctic Expedition," under the supervision of Captain H. W. Howgate, of the Signal Service Bureau, at Washington, and for the acceptance of a vessel from Captain Howgate for the purpose, passed the U. S. House of Representatives on April 15th. It is now before the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs. The vessel referred to in the bill is said to be the British steamer *Gulnare*, which is now at Alexandria, Va., being fitted out evidently for some expedition. She is 247 tons in measurement; 187 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length; 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet beam; 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet depth of hold; half brig rigged; furnished with a pair of compound engines; and was built in Glasgow, April 1878. The hull is of oak planking over an iron frame. "Captain Howgate," says the *N. Y. Tribune*, "has instructed G. M. Brown, of No. 31 South street, in this city, to ship a crew for him, but the bill provides that officers of the Navy may be detailed for all of the official positions on the vessel, except that

of commander, which will be filled by Captain Howgate. H. C. Chester, one of the mates of the *Polaris* Expedition, which met its fate in 1873 at Littleton Island, is superintending the strengthening and refitting of the vessel. The intention of the expedition, which will consist of about twenty-five persons, including a corps of scientific observers, is to sail from here about the middle of May, and, after touching at various points on the coast of Labrador and Greenland, to proceed to the west coast of Smith's Sound at latitude 80° 40', where the first permanent depot for supplies will be made. Landing the men and supplies, the vessel will return in the Fall. Captain Howgate's plan of reaching the Pole is by a system of slow but continuous advances, made in several successive seasons, pushing his camps farther and farther northward as rapidly as may be found practicable, establishing a sure basis of supplies, and replacing men who may become disabled or disheartened with fresh recruits each year. The expedition will not be forced to return as far south as Newfoundland for coal supplies, but will probably avail itself of the "Eureka" coal mine, discovered and worked by one of the engineer officers and a detail of men from the United States Steamer *Juniata*, when attached to the *Polaris* Search Expedition in 1873. This mine is on the Island of Disco, about ninety miles distant from Godhaven, in the Waigat Straits. It was readily worked, and proved to be an excellent quality of bituminous coal."

We have placed Loan Library No. 6,943 on the vessel, for the use of her crew, by request of Captain Howgate.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Rev. Mr. WOLLESON, reporting for January, February and March, acknowledges the Christian help of severall ladies of the Lutheran churches. They have held a seamen's service, weekly, and provided entertainment also of tea and

cake for those present. Sixty to eighty sailors have usually been present at each of the ordinary mission meetings, and on Easter Sunday more than one hundred and fifty were in attendance. Mr. W. says:—"It is impossible for me to give a full statement of the good done here to seamen, but this I can say that the Lord has been with us of late and

has blessed many sailors with the Pearl of great price. A young Norwegian sailor came in on February 8th, and begged of me to give him *The Pilgrim's Progress*. I told him I could not give that away as it was the only one I had, but I promised him some other good books. I could see that this was a great sorrow to him. He began to weep. I begged him to come in with me into the Inquiry Room for a private conversation. Then he told me he had heard the services on the previous evenings and was now awakened of his sin, but had hoped to find peace through reading that book. I told him that if he would believe in Jesus he could find the rest and peace his soul desired just there and then. We both knelt in prayer. In presence of the Lord the poor dear soul was in great agony, but after pleading for some moments, the change was wrought in his heart. Then he wondered why he had not believed before. After taking him into the reading room he immediately began in touching language and with tears of joy to proclaim to some of his shipmates the story of the Cross.

A Swedish sailor who had attended our services several times before he went on his last voyage, came to the Mission as soon as he landed here, and gave me two books which he had stolen from the Mission. He said that those stolen books had been the means of his conversion. Another sailor who was converted here in March, writes from Memel, March 21st, to one of his countrymen who was converted here, at the same time as the writer. He speaks of the wonderful difference from the time in which he went the way of transgressors. Now everything is "so good and peaceable." He also speaks of the blessings he has from trusting in Jesus, and exhorts his friend to be faithful.

"I have in the past three months visited 250 families and 540 ships in the harbor, and on every Wednesday the sick sailors in hospitals have been presented with tracts and useful books. I have spoken and prayed where opportunity have been given. Boarding-houses have been visited three times weekly. I may say with gratitude that I feel the Lord has been with me in all my efforts. So I believe that our Mission is to be very beneficial to Northern European sailors though the world."

ODENSE.

Mr. F. L. RYMKER, in the quarter ending March 31st, made 1,516 visits, of

which 205 were to ships and to seamen's lodging houses. An unusual number of seamen have been brought to attend public services. In asking for books for distribution he makes especial request for copies of "*The Pilgrim's Progress*."

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Rev. C. R. TREAT, the new chaplain at this port, had safe passage across the Atlantic, and at latest dates was expecting to reach Antwerp, April 7th. A public meeting of farewell for the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, his predecessor, and of welcome for the Rev. Mr. T., was set down for April 9th. Dr. Vermilye says in a recent letter:—"There is a fine field for usefulness here," and congratulates his successor on the promise of a good harvest to come from spiritual labor.

New York City.

During the first quarter of this year, Mr. DE WITT C. SLATER, missionary, visited 2,553 vessels of all classes, made 763 visits to Sailors' Boarding Houses, and 26 to Hospitals and Asylums. He speaks of remarkable conversions which have lately taken place at the SAILORS' HOME in Cherry Street, to which we have already referred in the MAGAZINE, and says that his own personal labor in other parts of the city has been much blessed of God. We give a single extract from his report. "At the door of one of the many saloons that abound in some streets near the boarding houses, I found a young sailor standing, and strongly tempted to enter. Quickly speaking to him, on the moment, a few earnest words of warning, and asking him to come away with me to the meeting, he turned. As he walked with me to the prayer meeting, he said: 'I have a christian shipmate. Last night he prayed with and counseled me to avoid these sinful places. O, how near I was gone.' With these words spoken in a low, expressive tone of voice, I not only realized how great a victory the Savior had gotten over the 'strong man armed,' but felt as never before to cry to God

for help against the 'mighty enemy of souls.' At the prayer meeting he came forward and kneeled in prayer for conversion. After the meeting I gave him a Testament. He said, with much earnestness, he had decided to serve God and live a christian life."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., NAVY YARD.

We have in hand the Annual Report of Mr. T. D. WILLIAMS, chaplain and missionary, which opens with citations from seamen's letters received from abroad during the twelve months. These show the liveliest memory of and gratitude for the Christian labor which was the means of their blessing while they were at the Yard. Some speak of the religious services they have been able to sustain on vessels where they have been sent, and of spiritual fruit gathered therefrom. Mr. W. says:—"Christian work in the Sailors' Hall on the Cob Dock, is yielding decided encouragement." Efforts in the cause of temperance have also been much prospered. Mr. W.'s statistics for 1879, are as follows:

Number of visits to merchant and government vessels and to the United States naval hospital, 2,928; number of religious services held in Sailor's Hall, and U. S. Naval Hospital, 280: total of visits and services, 3,188; number of Bibles and Testaments in various languages, 1,800; number of tracts and religious papers, 10,000; number of prayer books, 400; number of men among whom this distribution was made, 14,962; number of signatures to temperance pledge, 528; number of those who professed conversion to Christ, 19; number of backsliders reclaimed, 3.

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Our Loan Libraries.

The following extracts show how the books furnished to the sailors from whom the testimony comes, are appreciated by their readers. *

HE SPEAKS FROM EXPERIENCE.

"I have had your library, 4,789, (contributed by Prof. W. H. Crosby, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,) on the brig *John Kendall*, for two years and more," writes Capt. JAMES, of Porthleven, Wales, Eng., "during which time they have been most faithfully read by three crews and myself with great satisfaction. * *

Your Society is doing a praiseworthy work, but the amount of good you accomplish, will never be known on earth. You are scattering the seeds of kindness and goodness, and they must bring forth fruit."

GOOD WORK BY A MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

Loan Library No. 4,775 was a "memorial," sent out in 1873, by JOEL STONE, Esq., Livonia, N. Y. It was returned to our Rooms in March '80, for the first time. It had been to San Francisco, and thence two voyages out and back to Australia,—thence back to New York. "The books," says the captain, "have been read by all hands, and have been much appreciated. We return our thanks to the donor." The photograph placed on the inside of the library case was clean and perfect. The mate said:—"I have been greatly interested in the books, spending many pleasant hours with them."

PRACTICAL GRATITUDE.

"As I was a seamen on board the *M. P. Grace*," writes W. W. P., "now lying at Pier 19, E. R., and had charge of the library sent to us, I took up a collection for you, amounting to \$8.00. I will send it by registered letter, and may God speed you in your good work! Your brother in Christ."

The subscribers were:—

Capt. Robert P. Wilbur.....	\$2 00
William Nelson.....	1 00
James Hillts.....	2 00
Robert McDonald.....	1 00
K. Swensed.....	1 00
W. W. Packer.....	1 00
	\$8 00

◆◆◆◆◆
Bereaved.

An irreparable loss has fallen upon chaplain JONES of the Sailor's Snug Harbor, in the sudden death, April 10th, of his beloved wife. We extend to this dear brother, and his family, our tenderest sympathies, and hope for them that

out of this dark providence some gracious light may arise.

Mrs. Jones was her husband's helper in all Christian work among seamen, and many a sailor will ever cherish the memory of her personal kindness and counsel.

During the very interesting services at her funeral, held in the chapel at the Snug Harbor, and conducted by Rev. Drs. PAXTON and WELLS, with Messrs. McCULLOUGH and GREEN, the touching fact was brought out that several years before, Mrs. Jones had herself made preparation for her burial.

A package was found after her death labelled as follows, viz:—"This parcel contains my grave-clothes.

"My flesh shall rest in hope."

"It is appointed unto man once to die and after that the judgment."

On the reverse side was written:

February 26th, 1868.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "Lord I believe! help thou my unbelief."

"I would not live away, no! welcome the tomb, Since Jesus has slain there, I dread not its gloom, Then sweet be *my* rest till he bid me arise, To meet him in triumph descending the skies."

"This corruptible must put on incorruption. Amen!

"And this mortal must put on immortality.

"Dear, devoted husband, darling children, meet me in heaven. There all tears will be wiped away, and there we part *no more*. Adieu."

The whole service was exceedingly impressive and instructive, the old sailors being evidently moved thereby.

Position of the Principal Planets for May, 1880.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month, rising on the 1st at 4h. 10m., and north of east $4^{\circ} 15'$; is in conjunc-

tion with the Moon on the morning of the 7th at 4h. 11m., being $8^{\circ} 17'$ south; is in conjunction with Venus on the evening of the 19th at 11 o'clock, being $25'$ south.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 19m., and north of east $9^{\circ} 17'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 7th at 3h. 18m., being $6^{\circ} 31'$ south.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 11h. 43m., and north of west $33^{\circ} 12'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 14th at 3h. 50m., being $2^{\circ} 39'$ north.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st at 3h. 41m., and north of east $2^{\circ} 9'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 5th at 9h. 23m., being $6^{\circ} 46'$ south.

SATURN is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 22m., and north of east $8^{\circ} 25'$; is in conjunction with Venus on the forenoon of the 1st at 11 o'clock, being $47'$ south; is in conjunction with Mercury on the forenoon of the 6th at 9 o'clock, being $41'$ north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 7th at 2h. 16m., being $7^{\circ} 41'$ south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters in March, 1880.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 38, of which 20 were wrecked, 10 abandoned, 1 burned, 1 sunk by collision, 8 founded, and 3 are missing. The list comprises 5 ships, 14 barks, 3 brigs, and 16 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$4,200.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *s c* sunk by collision, *f* founded, and *m* missing.

SHIPS.

St. Charles, *b*, from New York for Hiogo. Rock Light, *m*, from Philadelphia for Bristol, E. Louise, *a*, from Philadelphia for Antwerp. Isabella, *a*, from Pensacola for Dublin. Belmont, *a*, from Pensacola for Greenock.

BARKS.

John Abbott *a*, from Darien for London. Mystery, *f*, from New York for Anjier. A. F. Nordman, *a*, from Galveston for Bremen. Orion *a*, from New York for Gijon. Paragon, *a*, from Darien for Bristol. Ragna, *m*, from Stettin for New York. Sansego, *s c*, from Marseilles for Boston. Diilarree, *w*, from Portland, O., for U. Kingdom. Alpha, *a*, from Philadelphia for Aarhus. Mystic Tie, *w*, from Wilmington, Del. for Rio Grande.

Sarah Ellen *w*, from New York for Baltimore. Mary A. Myshrall, *a*, from Middlesborough for New York. Reform, *w*, from Galveston for Queenstown. Star of the West, *a*, from New York for Dublin.

BRIGS.

Carlos, *m.* from Beaufort, S. C., for Valencia.
Tropic, *w.* from Miragoane for New York.
Salista, *w.* from New York for Beyrouth.

SCHOONERS.

Stephen Harding, *w.* from Cedar Keys for New York.
Black Prince, *w.* (At Pass Cavallo.)
Anna Myrick, *w.* from Plymouth, Mass. for Rockland.
Sam'l Wackrill, *w.* from N. York for Gonaives.
M. J. Granger, *w.* from Norfolk for New York.
Five Sisters, *w.* from Porto Rico for N. York.
Elsy J. Cline, *w.* from San Diego.
Challenge, *f.* from St. Andrews, N. B. for Boston.
Neptune's Bride, *w.* from New York for Providence.
Marshal Ney, *w.* from Eastport for Boston.
Frank, *w.* from Machias for New York.
Lucy Lee, *w.* from Weehawken for Boston.
West Wind, *w.* from Bath Me. for Baltimore.
Aldana, Rokes, *f.* from Philadelphia for Bath, Me.

Harp, *w.* (Fisherman.) of Gloucester, Me.
Nettie Moore, *w.* (Fisherman,) of Harwich, Mass.

Of the above, 1 ship, 2 brigs, (1 sailing under the Haytian flag) and 16 schooners were owned in the United States, and their total value is estimated at \$107,000.

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

FEBRUARY, 1880.

Sailing Vessels :—54 English, 17 French, 10 American, 10 Norwegian, 8 German, 8 Italian, 5 Portuguese, 3 Greek, 3 Swedish, 2 Austrian, 2 Spanish, 1 Dutch, 4 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 127. In this number are included 16 vessels reported missing.

Steamers :—9 English, 2 German, 2 French, 1 Spanish, 1 Dutch, 1 Norwegian; total: 16. In this number are included 2 steamers reported missing.

Receipts for March, 1880.

MAINE.

Blue Hill, Cong. church..... \$ 6 25

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. church..... 2 60
Chester, Cong. church..... 5 00
Franklin, Cong. church..... 10 00
Manchester, A daughter, in memory of her mother, for library..... 15 00
Tilton, Rev. F. T. Perkins..... 1 00

VERMONT.

St. Johnsbury, S. S. North Cong. ch., for libraries..... 40 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Bark *Chas. Stewart*, Capt. Powers..... 2 00
Schr. *R. S. Hunt*, Capt. Wiles..... 1 00
Chicopee, 2nd Cong. church..... 24 39
Dana..... 1 00
Gilbertville, Cong. church..... 12 72
Haverhill, Central ch. S. S., lib'y..... 20 00
Lenox, Cong. church..... 22 50
Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Pond, Mrs. Hacket, and Miss Tanner, wh. with prev. donation by Dr. Vose, for lib'y..... 18 00
Marshfield, Mrs. Bowers' S. S. class..... 10 00
Monson, Cong. ch., weekly offering, \$14, and H. E. Bigelow's S. S. class, \$4..... 18 00

Newton Centre, Rev. R. C. Mills..... 5 00
Northampton, 1st Cong. church..... 36 19
Palmer, Cong. church..... 10 00
Reading, Bethesda Cong. church..... 54 64
Shrewsbury, Cong. ch., \$20, for lib'y..... 25 00
Somerset, Cong. ch., per Rev. Mr. Hal-

lidy..... 5 00

Springfield, Homer Merriam, for lib'y..... 20 00

Whitinsville, ex-euctors estate E. W. Fletcher, by Chas. P. Whitin..... 50 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket, Cong. ch. and Soc'y, \$20 for lib'y, by H. Conant..... 45 00

Providence, Central ch., for lib's, viz: Mrs. H. Z. Carpenter, in name of Mrs. Nancy Marsh; W. S. Heog, in name of his wife Mrs. Sarah C. Heog, and Mrs. Frederic Fuller, ea. \$20..... 60 00

Beneficent Cong. church..... 50 00

Union Service, Dr. Behrends, and Dr. Vose..... 40 00

Mrs. Rebecca Wild..... 1 00

CONNECTICUT.

Greenwich, J. Sidney Reynolds..... 5 00

Hartford, Anon, for library..... 20 00

South Cong. church..... 10 00

Milford, S. C. Durand..... 5 00

Naugatuck, Cong. church..... 10 00

New London, 2nd Cong. ch., of wh. from Trust estate late H. P. Haven, \$20..... 313 31

1st Cong. church..... 20 37

Plainville, Cong. ch., for library..... 21 00

Putnam, 2nd Cong. church..... 10 88

Somerville, Cong. church..... 23 04

Waterbury, 1st Cong. church..... 83 61

Watertown, Cong. church..... 19 00

West Winsted 2nd Cong. church..... 8 37

Windham, Cong. church and Society..... 10 20

Woodbury, North Cong. church..... 16 00

NEW YORK.

Amagansett, U. S. L. S. S., Sta. No. 10, Dist. 3, Joshua B. Edwards, Keeper 1 00

Brooklyn, Clinton Ave. Cong. ch., of wh. J. W. Elwell, for Sailors' Home, \$250; A. S. Barnes, \$100..... 452 42

Buffalo, Mrs. D. S. Stanley..... 5 00

Harlem, S. S. Ref. D. ch., for lib'y..... 20 00

Madison Cong. church..... 3 00

Montgomery, Mrs. Rev. J. C. Forsyth, 10 00

New York City, Joseph L. Spinney, for Sailors' Home..... 200 00

Samuel Willets, for Sailors' Home..... 100 00

John T. Terrv, " " 100 00

E. D. Morgan, " " 50 00

Naylor & Co., " " 25 00

F. W. Moss, " " 25 00

Anon, for libraries..... 80 00

Miss Mary Bronson, for Genoa..... 50 00

Miss S. Rhinelander..... 50 00

L. P. Stone..... 50 00

Rev. B. N., and D. S. Martin..... 25 00

Miss Mary Strong..... 25 00

Benjamin F. Butler..... 25 00

Wm. P. Douglas..... 25 00

Geo. D. Phelps..... 25 00

Cash..... 25 00

Mrs. A. C. Kipp..... 20 00

Cash..... 20 00

Geo. F. Betts..... 15 00

H. W. Loud & Co..... 10 00

Thomas Scott..... 10 00

H. G. Marquand..... 10 00

Cash..... 10 00

Davis & Benson..... 5 00

Mrs. L. P. Siebert..... 5 00

Cephas Brainerd..... 5 00

W. H. Tailer..... 5 00

John Saxton..... 5 00

W. B. Kendall.....	5 00	Williams, Blanchard & Co	25 00
Capt. J. C. Smith, brig <i>L. F. Munson</i>	1 00	Pope & Talbot.....	25 00
Oswego, Mrs. William F. Allen, for lib'y.....	25 00	Oregon S. S. Co.....	25 00
Rochester, Mrs. Lydia Ann Graves, for		Marcus C. Hawley & Co.....	20 00
George W. Graves Library.....	20 00	J. C. Wilmerding.....	20 00
Rome, 1st Pres. church.....	12 41	A. K. P. Harmon.....	20 00
NEW JERSEY.		Tubbs & Co.....	20 00
Beverly, Rev. R. Taylor, D. D.....	4 19	Selby Smelting and Lead Works.....	20 00
Englewood, Pres. church, Rev. Geo. B.		Taber, Harker & Co.....	10 00
Cheever, D. D., for libraries.....	40 00	Thomas Magee.....	10 00
Newark, 2nd Pres. church, add'l.....	8 25	Levi, Markley & Co.....	10 00
Somerville. Anon.....	1 00	Baker & Hamilton.....	10 00
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		Macoudray & Co.....	10 00
Washington, Mrs. Jane O. Mahon, for		Irving M. Scott.....	10 00
lib'y, <i>in memoriam</i> Rev. Harmon		W. W. Montague & Co.....	10 00
Leomis, D. D.....	20 00	J. Bermingham.....	10 00
ILLINOIS.		W. F. Whittier.....	10 00
Dundee, Cong. church.....	4 87	Huntington, Hopkins & Co.....	10 00
CANADA.		White Brothers	10 00
Montreal, Capt. Robert C. Adams for		H. B. Tichenor.....	10 00
lib'y, in memory of Sarah Adams.....	20 00	Robert Sherwood.....	10 00
SANDWICH ISLANDS.		George K. Fitch.....	10 00
Hilo, per Rev. Titus Coan, D. D., S. S.		Mrs. A. G. Stiles.....	10 00
Cong. church, for library.....	20 00	Golden Gate and Miner's Foundry.....	10 00
JAPAN.		Parrott & Co.....	10 00
Yokohama, Rev. S. R. Brown, D. D....	1 00	Charles Holbrook.....	10 00
		John F. Merrill.....	10 00
		Thos. H. Selby & Co.....	10 00
		Horace Davis & Co.....	10 00
CALIFORNIA.		B. F. Dunham.....	5 00
Oakland, 1st Cong. church.....	64 20	Henry Dutton, Jr.....	5 00
Petaluma, Cong. church.....	23 50	J. M. Buffington.....	5 00
San Francisco, 1st Cong. church	107 48	Sam'l F. Buffon.....	5 00
Balfour, Guthrie & Co.....	100 00	J. C. Johnson.....	5 00
Alaska Commercial Co.....	50 00	R. H. McDonald.....	5 00
Union Insurance Co.....	50 00	Bacon & Co.....	5 00
Goodall, Perkins & Co.....	50 00	Wm. Pickering.....	5 00
O. W. Merriam	50 00	Gor. W. Gibbs.....	5 00
Cash Subscriptions.....	37 50	Mrs. L. S. Macoudray.....	5 00
Risdon Iron Works.....	25 00	John Archbald.....	5 00
J. W. Grace & Co.....	25 00	John Everding	5 00
Charles Goodall.....	25 00	Mrs. H. L. Stolz.....	5 00
California Insurance Co.....	25 00	J. H. Titcomb.....	2 50
C. A. Low & Co.....	25 00	Thomas Day.....	2 00
Louis McLane.....	25 00	Giles H. Gray.....	1 00
			\$1,138 18
			\$4,029 39

Errata.

In RECEIPTS for February, 1880, in last No. of MAGAZINE, in acknowledgments from Fairfield, Conn., read,—

Bequest Mrs. Samuel Trubee, per Mrs. S. M. Garlick, for library *in memoriam* Capt. Rufus Knapp..... \$20 00

Also in our Quarterly Report of new Loan Libraries shipped from Dec. 1879, to March, 1880, published with the last MAGAZINE, read as follows:—

SENT OUT IN JANUARY, 1880.

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5416..	Mrs. Ada M. D. Alexander, Northfield, Mass.	Three mast Schr.		
		Jennie Lippitt.....	W. Indies	9

SENT OUT IN FEBRUARY, 1880.

6907..	Mrs. S. M. Garlick, Fairfield, Conn., <i>in me-</i>			
	<i>moriam</i> Capt. Rufus Knapp, by bequest			
	of Mrs. Samuel Trubee.....	Ship Daniel Barnes.....	Java.....	25



Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

From the Christian at Work.

A Cruise in a Pilot-Boat.

BY W. M. STONE.

How many of you have not seen the swift pilot-boats, with their numbers in large, black figures on the mainsail, shooting around New York harbor? I think most of you have, and I think you admired them, too. I know I always do. They are graceful looking vessels, and resemble yachts. Last Summer my chum, Arthur Lane, and I had an offer of a cruise to sea in a pilot-boat. We immediately went to get permission of our parents. Mine readily consented, and Arthur's did too, after a little persuasion. We thanked the gentleman and said we would accept his offer. We were so full of our intended voyage that we did not sleep much that night or study much next day. I went over and slept with Arthur that night, and we did little more than talk about our intended trip the whole night. It was rather late in September, just when the Winter storms begin to come. Our fathers got us each some warm flannels, and a rubber suit apiece; so we were pretty well fitted out. The boat on which we were to go was No. 1, of Jersey City, and was at that time out on a cruise, but was expected home soon. She was to

come in at Stonington, and remain until she had received her pilots, and was then to go out. About four days after my father spoke about the trip—it was Thursday, I believe—he came home about three o'clock in the afternoon and said the pilot-boat was in, and was going out in the morning. So, as we lived in Brooklyn, we had to fly around and get ready to go over to New York to take the six o'clock boat for Stonington. We arrived at the pier about ten minutes before the boat was to start. It had seemed more like a month than three days between the time father told us of the offer and the time of starting. But we were off at last, and as happy as any two boys on the globe.

We reached Stonington at three o'clock in the morning. We wandered up and down the docks, until at last we saw the boat lying at anchor just off one of the piers. She looked more like a phantom than a real vessel as she lay there in the pale moonlight, riding up and down on the long swells as they rolled under her. At about half-past four the pilots came down to the dock and hailed the boat, but they could not make any one hear;

so they borrowed a schooner's yawl which was lying by the dock, and we went out to the pilot-boat, and then sent one of the sailors in to return the boat. After getting on board, Tom Williams, one of the pilots, took us down below and showed us our berths, and as we were rather sleepy, we lay down and slept until about half-past six, when we were awakened by a loud noise overhead. We tumbled out and went on deck to find out what caused it. They were getting under way. They were just putting up the jib as we came on deck. The great noise we heard was the raising of the anchor. We had just started, with a good breeze blowing, and we went along finely.

Now, as it is daylight, and I can see the boat plainly, I will give a short description of her. She is a medium-sized, topmast schooner, of about 75 tons. She is a perfect yacht in build, only more staunch. In Summer she carries two topmasts, but in Winter she takes in one of them, as the Winter gales are a little too much for her. There was a fine library on board, which they threw open to us, and which opportunity we improved before we finished our voyage.

About half-past seven we had breakfast. After that, Arthur went on deck, and I remained below for a couple of hours to examine the library. Then, as the cabin was rather close, I went on deck to get some air. The first thing I saw on reaching the deck was Arthur hanging over the leeward gunwale, trying to get rid of his breakfast. I burst into a shout of laughter, which did not please him very much. But I could not help it; he looked so droll. But he laughed at me before the day was over, for I was in the same predicament. We both had our dinner and supper in our bunks; the cook, who was a large, fat colored man, making us each some toast and tea, and after a good night's rest we recovered from our sea-sickness for the rest of the voyage.

We were out of sight of land before

dark on the day we started, with nothing around us but the sky and water. It was Thursday on which we started, and on Friday morning early a ship hove in sight, and, when she came near enough to us, she signalled us for a pilot; but as she was only a barque, the pilots would not take her, so she passed on. They are paid according to the tonnage of the vessel which they pilot. So they are anxious to get large vessels if they can. The pilots are not obliged to take a vessel which signals them, but if a vessel signals for a pilot and then does not take him, she is obliged to pay him full price.

The next day we gave our first pilot to the steamship *Denmark*. The sea was comparatively smooth, so they had no difficulty in going to the boat; and when the pilot arrived at the ship, they let down a nice pair of stairs for him. When he gets on board he exchanges papers with them, sending back to the pilot-boat the papers with the foreign news in them. When the pilot comes on board the vessel he has entire command of her, and the captain obeys his orders. At nearly dark that day we put off another pilot. This one we put on the ship *Liverpool*, a noble-looking, three-masted vessel. On pilot-boats they always keep a watchman on the maintop on the lookout for vessels, and when he finds one they give him a dollar; so the crew are very anxious for that position. On this boat in which Arthur and I went they had a crew of four men and a boat-keeper, who has charge of the boat after all the pilots have left. At this time one of the sailors was on the sick list, so we really had but three men as a crew. Vessels are not obliged to take a pilot until they are within a certain distance of the shore, but when inside that distance are obliged to take the first pilot that they meet. The pilot-boats run outside of this line, for, in rough weather especially, ships are glad to get a pilot as soon as possible.

The next day, which was Sunday, we

did not see any boats except two schooners, but they were too small for the pilots; they wanted something larger. Things went on just as usual to-day; just the same as if it were any week-day.

Early Monday morning the man on top discovered a steamship bearing toward us, and it proved to be the *City of Berlin*, the largest passenger steamship afloat. On her we put our third pilot, and he got the handsomest price of any of them. The *City of Berlin* looked very much like a great block of large buildings afloat. It takes a pretty heavy sea to disturb her much, if she rides across them. The morning had been rather cloudy and dark when we got up, and about ten o'clock the storm broke upon us in all its fury, and we had to slacken sail in a hurry to keep from capsizing. The sailors took in the mainsail and foresail, and set a stormsail in the place of the mainsail, and reefed the jib close. The stormsail, as they call it, is a triangular sail, having about half as much canvass in it as the mainsail. Then with this very small spread of canvass we lay over so far that the leeward gunwale was completely under water. The waves rolled pretty nearly as high as the tops of the masts. The furniture in the cabin went shooting wildly around. Chairs would go as if they were shot from a gun. At dinner that day, Cooper, one of the pilots, had to hold the pudding-dish in his hands most of the time, to keep it from spilling. The storm continued to rage the whole day, and did not abate until after midnight. During the storm we put off another pilot, this time on the ship *Plymouth Rock*. We had to wait for a lull between the long waves when we launched the yawl, containing the pilot and two sailors. They slid the boat right off the deck, and she struck very fair, only shipping about a quart of water. When the yawl came back they slung it up to the deck on the davits, and the sailors got out. They said they had not had such

a hard pull for a year. And the other pilot who remained said he had not seen such a storm for ten years, and hoped he never would see another like it. When we went home we found the papers full of the storm, and they reported a large number of vessels lost.

The next day brought just the opposite kind of weather, for we had a dead calm most of the day. One of the sailors tried some fishing, but he caught only one fish, which he threw overboard. The fish was about a foot long, and one which we boys would have been proud to have caught in any of our rivers at home. The sailor used a very long line and a large hook, baited with three or four clams. Toward evening a light breeze sprung up, and, as we had all sail set, we made pretty fair headway. We were headed for New York, and expected to put off our last pilot and then go in and wait for them to collect. We did not see any vessel that day. The next day we were lying just off Sandy Hook, and the man on the top saw a ship signaling for a pilot. So we went to her, putting on our last pilot, leaving the boat in care of the boatkeeper. The pilot only took her inside the Hook, and then came back to our boat, having been gone about an hour; but he received just as much payment as if he had been gone two days. The ship on which he went was called the *Trenora*, a large, three-masted vessel. Then, after receiving our pilot back again, we sailed into the harbor, and landed on Staten Island, thus ending our trip.

We thanked the pilot and crew, not forgetting the cook, who did a good deal for us, for their kindnesses and attentions. We then took the ferry for Brooklyn, and came home with a glowing account of our trip, which we talked about for the next month.

IF, INSTEAD of the fathers, are to come up the children, then fathers must educate and train the children for the Lord.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1880, was 6,799; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,733. The number of volumes in these libraries was 376,472, and they were accessible to 266,466 men.—Nine hundred and thirteen libraries, with 32,868 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 104,058 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.

During March, 1880, sixty-five loan libraries,—twenty-four new, and forty-one refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,922 to 6,940, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,429 to 5,433, inclusive, at Boston.

The forty-one libraries re-shipped were:—

No. 1,835,	No. 3,910,	No. 4,601,	No. 5,012,	No. 5,146,	No. 5,824,	No. 6,190,	No. 6,456,	No. 6,653,
“ 2,674,	“ 3,972,	“ 4,664,	“ 5,054,	“ 5,194,	“ 6,051,	“ 6,206,	“ 6,493,	
“ 2,837,	“ 4,184,	“ 4,775,	“ 5,055,	“ 5,231,	“ 6,152,	“ 6,265,	“ 6,530,	
“ 2,888,	“ 4,213,	“ 4,898,	“ 5,068,	“ 5,390,	“ 6,156,	“ 6,369,	“ 6,532,	
“ 3,037,	“ 4,306,	“ 5,004,	“ 5,124,	“ 5,785,	“ 6,170,	“ 6,396,	“ 6,619,	

For The Life Boat.

A Word To Jack.

BY J. VAN TASSELL.

“ Will you give me your ear for a while, Jack,
Before you turn in for the night?

Take my arm as we walk on the deck, Jack:—
The stars look down smiling and bright.

“ The moon is still silvering the waves, Jack,
As they rise and fall in their sport:—
The sails are all filled with the breeze, Jack,
And our ship speeds right on to her port.

“ All things have been made snug and taut,
Jack,
The watch has been station'd on deck,—
All needful precaution is ours, Jack,
To guard 'gainst disaster and wreck.

“ Give no heed to the laughter and jest, Jack,
That reaches our ears from below,
Where your shipmates are shuffling the cards,
Jack:—
Just hear me, I pray, e'er you go.

“ Hard and rough is your life on the sea, Jack,
Amid dangers and hardships you're thrown;
Temptation, bad morals and vice, Jack,
Make your heart, oft, as hard as a stone.

“ But you're sailing the great sea of life, Jack.
That's what I am anxious to tell:—
And answer me: whither you're bound, Jack;
To the fair port of heav'n, or hell?

“ Who's the Master you sail under now, Jack ?
Whose commands do you hear and obey?
Is it Christ or the Devil you serve, Jack?
Whose service will bring the best pay?

“ Long years you have sailed this same course,
Jack;
Heave to! Get a cast of the lead:—
Fill away on the other tack now, Jack,
Hark! the breakers' wild roar just ahead.

“ Set signal at once for a Pilot,
And Jesus will soon step on board;—
The compass and chart you most need, Jack,
Are found in His own precious word.

“ He will stand with His hand on the wheel,
Jack.
Steer you clear of each reef and each bar;—
In the darkness and storm He'll give light, Jack,
For He is the true Polar Star.

“ It is time that I bid you good night, Jack,
Give your full thoughts to what I have said;
And make the dear Savior your friend, Jack,
Before you lie down on your bed.

“ Forsake the bad habits you have formed,
Jack.
Intemp'rance, profanity, cards:—
Then you're safe when asleep in your bunk,
Jack,
Or when you lay out on the yards.

“ And if heaven I reach before you, Jack,
From the highlands of glory I'll view;—
And sweep with my eye the whole offing,
While keeping my lookout for you.

“ When your topmasts shall break on my sight
Jack,
The flag of the Cross at the fore:—
I'll wait with all heaven to hail you,
Safe home to the bright shining shore.”

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, President.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., Cor. Sec. & Treas.

L. P. HUBBARD, Financial Agent.

80 Wall Street, New York.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he *at the same time* declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congregationalist House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

SAVINGS BANKS FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and Bennet Sts.	Boston " " "	B. F. Jacobs.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " "	C. F. Bowman.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.	Charleston Port Society.	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.	Ladies' Sea. Fr'd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.	" " "	
HONOLULU, S. I.	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rhode
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored).	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners House.	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	N. Hamilton.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St.	Seamen's Aid Society	John Stevens, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street		Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Texas, cor. Strand & 26 St.		

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison	New York Port Society	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.	Episcopal Miss. Society	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 365 West Street, N. R.	" " "	" T. A. Hyland.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip	" " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.	Baptist	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets.	Sea & Land, Presbyterian.	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President Street	Am. Sea. Friend Society	" E. O. Bates.
" Navy Yard	" " "	" T. D. Williams.
BUFFALO	Methodist	" P. G. Cook.
ALBANY, Montgomery Street	Boston Sea. Friend Society.	" S. H. Hayes.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet Sts.	Boston Port Society	" Cyrus L. Eastman.
North Square	Baptist Bethel Society	" H. A. Cooke.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts.	Episcopal	" J. P. Pierce.
Parmenter Street	Portland Sea. Fr'd Soc'y.	" F. Southworth.
PORTLAND, Me., Fort St. n. Custom H.	Prov. Sea. Friend Society.	" J. W. Thomas.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St.	Individual Effort	" C. H. Malcom, D. D.
NEWPORT, R. I., 51 Long Wharf	New Bedford Port Society.	" J. D. Butler.
NEW BEDFORD	Presbyterian	"
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts.	Methodist	" William Major.
Cor. Moyamensing and Washington	Episcopal	" W. B. Erben.
ton Avenues	Baptist	" P. Frayne.
Catharine Street	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" E. N. Harris.
Front Street, above Navy Yard.	Baltimore S. B.	" Chas. McElfresh.
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.	American & Norfolk Sea.	" R. R. Murphy.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts.	Friend Societies	" E. N. Crane.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets	Wilmington Port Society	" James W. Craig.
NORFOLK	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y.	" Wm. B. Yates.
WILMINGTON, N. C.	" " "	" Richard Webb.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St.	" " "	"
SAVANNAH	" " "	" L. H. Pease.
MOBILE, Church Street, near Water	" " "	" J. Rowell.
NEW ORLEANS	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y.	" R. S. Stubbs.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.	" " "	
PORTLAND, Oregon	" " "	

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.** 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries, among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel. (3) It contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, to April 1st, 1880, is 6,799, containing 376,472 volumes. Calculating 6,733 re-shipments, they have been accessible to more than 266,466 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 90,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.